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"He comes, the Merald of a noisy world, with news from all nations.-"

[WILLIAM FAY, EDITOR.

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exists on the usual liberal terms. As nor is large and general throughout the coun-cate, mechanics, post masters, and all agreement to advertise, will find it to uge to resort to this paper.



For the Herald. TWILIGHT REFLECTIONS.

The closing hour of day has come, When forth I love to stray, To watch the levely twilight hues As slow they fade away.

To wander by some streamlet's side As its waters glide along, And listen with delighted ear, To its low dulcet song.

To gaze with admiration deep On the glorious clouds above, As fleshed with many a golden tint,

To mark each varied light and shade That pleases soul and eve. Till Night's dim shadows gather down, And darken earth and sky.

They through the bright air move.

To think of friends with whom I passed The fairy morn of life,

En my heart had known how hard a pang Hath Passion's burning strife.

But why lament the flight of time, Or weep o'er what is gone; is there not yet a happier clime Where change can never come.

The pensive twilight hour, farewell! The night-wind's hollow moan, Awakes within my bosom's depths

A weight of feeling lone. MALCOMS. hersbury, April, 1810.

Domest c. THE CURRENCY.

following rather striking views of the es by which the monetary affairs of this try have been brought to their present lition, were presented by Mr. Thomas Ar-n, a late 'Radical' member of the British nt, in his valedictory to his constitu-

There is force in them, and, not im-Mark, read, learn and y, some truth. ly digest.

e democracy in America are at this mo ulling their own throats as madly, and ng the very same wild havoc among the ous classes there, as the Jewish arisare working here. In their wild efforts ert a fection of the law into a reality. the abolishing credit and paper money, have been to them more valuable than and which they occupy, and more vital if is, than the very air which they breathe. and paper money have been to them the ife and soul of their industry; and yet rtually insist that no man shall in fue permitted to plough the ground, or to we the locests, excepting only the few underduals who happen to be born with wn the forests. plought or golden oxes at their command! his is Democratic America! She has real suffrage! She has no national debt to taxes; but she has raised her rate of

of to fifty per cent. per annum; and her state ours, except the Jews among them, stoped a poverty, misery and distress. rss malice, pride, eavy and hypocriest equally to have animated the counoth nations : for, strange to say, all old havor is being effected in America, England, under the extraordinary prehe pretence of restoring 'a sound and thy currency,' the legislators of both counhave taken away the paper money with thing away the debts and obligations con is in it; leaving just sufficient gold and money in circulation to pay their own claims upon industry, but not sufficient more than half employment or half food People. In both countries the people been told that the moneyed interest was powerful under a paper system; and, une pretence of reducing this power, egislatures have strangely contrived to and to troble it, by doubling and trebling talne of the money which measures it; a grinding and crushing the industrious s in both countries, and delivering them like sheep to the butcher's shambles, e best, converting them, as I have always netold, into mere hewers of wood and draw-n of water for the Jows!" What is this ess in the two foremost nations of the Is it the mere effect of human passion oding the human judgment ! Or, is it the Sect of some mysterious Providence working awful dispensations among us ! My mind

THE TREASURY NOTE BILL has been a party vote and the application of the pre- charge was sounded. As Johnson moved to great effect." ed through the House of Representatives

to the dark "-New World.

vious question. The deed was accomplished on Friday evening. Four of the New Jersey lege-men "admitted by resolution," were the ground to vote for the measure, and did vote for it; previous question and all.

By this measure, the Treasury Department of the United States is constituted a plain goveroment Bank of Issue and Circulation. The Secretary issues \$5,000,000 of Treasury notes as fast as his convenience requires, and re-issucs them as often as they are returned to him and it suits his convenience to do so. In short, he is the Cashier and Martin Van Buren the President of a gigantic monied institu tion, without responsibility, without capital, and trading wholly upon the credit of the peo-ple of the United States! This power of unlimited re-issue was never demanded before, nor would it ever till now have been granted. But the Treasury Bank is cetablished and here is the end of Van Buren's professions on that

In a time of profound peace, abundant harvests, and of exemption from pestilence or other physical calamity, the Government finds or makes a necessity for borrowing Five Millions of Dollars. There is no pretext for this except that its Expenditures largely exceed its Income. Van Buren found the Govern-ment out of debt and largely in funds, over and above the Thirty-seven Millions of Surplus Revenue accumulated under Jackson which he was directed by law to deposite with the States. The two last Presidents had laid up, or devoted to paying off the pre-existing Na-tional Debt about Twelve Millions per annum. Van Buren has laid up nothing—paid off nothing—but spent the assets of the Government, and run into debt. He has witheld Nine millions belonging to the States, and spent it .-He has taken a good part of the proceeds of seven millions of Stock held by the Govern-ment in the last U. S. Bank, and spent that. He has spent the five millions reserved from the Distribution to the States, and he has run large in debt! His Administration has been a series of disreputable shifts and shinning .-

The Government is now protested in various quarters, and the Revolutionary Pension ers are refused the payments due to them, and the pretext for this disgraceful bankruptcy, held up to the people has been that the Deposite Banks of 1836-7 do not pay over, when the fact is that they do not altogether owe One Million of Dollars, and a good deal of that is

Finally, this specie-loving, paper-hating Administration, whose organs are so vociferous against "Suspension," "irredeemables," "postnotes," &c. &c. has by a party vote decreed the issue and constant re-issue for its own especial benefit FIVE MILLIONS OF POST-NOTES, on no specie basis, but paper promises to pay, resting on credit alone !!!

Such is the Consistency and such the Albany Eve. Journal.

> From the Ohio Herald. VILE SLANDER.

Its Rewards-and Refutation. A few weeks since it was boldly declared on the floor of the House of Representatives of Ohio, by members of that body, in debate, that "Gen. Harrison was at no time in the battle of the Thames nor within two miles of the battle-ground; that the entire plan of operation was projected by Col. R. M. Johnson and that Gen. Harrison had neither part nor lot in the matter." To make such an assertion, under such circumstances, and that too before he people of Ohio, required no ordinary hardisteeped in moral depravity to give utterance to strated with him against this unnecessary exthe falsehood-and once uttered by a masterspirit of the late dignified House, it was endorsed by a blustering, thrice craven here of that august body, and thus given to the wings of fame.

The friends of Gen. H. who heard the calumny, promptly undertook its refutation, and most triumphantly have they succeeded. before that object could be accomplished II Fthe author of the slander was nominated by Presideut Van Buren to a foreign mission, and now has his commission in his pocket! A prompt reward for partizan services.

John Chambers, C. S. Todd, and John S. Smith, of Kentucky, and John O'Falion. of Missouri, were the Aids-de-Camp of Gen II. in the battle of the Thames. They are all living, and have borne testimony to the utter falschood of the statements above referred to. We have the statement of each of these gentlemen, which will be laid before our renext week. We subjoin the statement of Mr. J. Speed Smith, a distinguished supporter of Mr. Van Buren in Kentucky. Let the slandeters of Gen Harrison read and blush!

RICHMOND, March 6, 1810.

Sin :- Your letter of the 17th ult, was received yesterday, in which you state that "it has been openly avowed that Gen. Harrison was at no time in the senguinary battle of the Thames, nor within two miles of the battle ground-that the entire plan of operations was projected by Cel R. M. Johnson-that he led the troops on to conquest, and that Gen. Harrison had no part nor lot in the matter." humiliation is deep, that a necessity should exist, produced by party rancor, to prove facts attested by history for more than a quarter of a century, and which have never before been questioned. That ignorance and credulity aand to an extent to reuder such baseless assertions available, bespeaks a lamentable state of public intelligence, and portends no good

That Col. Johnson led the van, and brought on the battle, is true-that he behaved with the utmost gallantry is also true, but your letter contains the first suggestion which has ever reached me that "the entire plan of operations was projected by him." The magnanimity of Col. Johnson, will repudiate, with proud adignation, such an effort to cluster additional laurels upon his brow, thus unjustly torn from that of his General. Col. Johnson received orders, as to the form and manner of charge, from Gen. Harr son in person, in the face and almost in sight of the enemy. The General was with the Regiment when the charge was sounded. As Johnson moved to

Infantry, which was drawn up in order of bat-tle. He had not gone far, before turning to me, (and to the best of my recollection, I was the only one of his Aids then with him.) he said, "pursue Col. Johnson with your utmost speed—see the effect of his charge, and the position of the enemy's Artillery, and return as quickly as possible." Having executed this order as promptly as practicable, I met him on my return, pressing forward with the front of the infantry. Upon reporting that Col Johnson had broken the enemy's line that they were surrendering, and that their cannon was in our possession-he exclaimed in an animated tone, "Come on my brave fellows, Proctor and his whole arms will soon be ours." Soon after this, an officer (I believe the late Judge John McDowell, of Ohio,) rode up and reported that the left wing, at or near the crotchet, was suffering severely and in great disorder. This communication was made in the hearing of the soldiers. The General contradicted the latter part of the state ment in the most emphatic manner-but giving order to the next in command to push forward, he dashed with the messenger to the indicated point of conflict and confusion, and found the contest pretty close and severe .- A portion of Johnson's Regiment, owing to the impracticability of the ground for horses, had dismounted, and was fighting on foot and mingled with the infantry-which had been to some extent the cause of the confusion. Order was soon restored, and the left wing closed to the front, (which formed the crotchet,) under the personal supervision of Gen. H. In the mean time, some of our soldiers were shot within less than ten feet of the General; for the conflict here was sharp and animated, and continued so for some time. With the excep-tion of the charge made by Col. Johnson's regiment, Gen. Harrison was in the most exposed

and dangerous parts of the battle. It is due to the occasion to relate the following incident: The day before the battle, the army was impeded in its march by the destruction of a bridge across a branch of the Thames, up which it was moving, at or near the mouth of the branch. Col J. had been ordered to cross this stream at some mills two or three miles above the mouth. The road led them by the bridge. A portion of his reg-iment had a brush with a party of Indians, posted in cabins, on the opposite side of the Thames and the branch, and also under the thick covert along their banks, to dispute the passage of the stream, and harrass all attempts repair the bridge.

As soon as the firing was heard the General hurried to the scene of action accompanied by his staff of which Commodore Perry was When I arrived I found Gen. Harrison, Com. Perry, and other officers, (I think Gen. Cass was one,) in an open piece of ground, near the bridge, Col. Johnson had passed, dismounted, under the command of Capt. Benjamin Warfield, and some Infantry which had hurried up, were carrying on the skirmish.— Maj. Wood had been ordered up with a small piece of artillery. Com. Perry urged Gen. H. to withdraw, as he was too much exposed for the Commander-in-Chief. If I mistake not, Gen. Cass united with the Commodore, and offered to remain and see his orders executed. He started off with Perry and the residue of his suite: but he had not gone but a few steps when he returned, and retained his position near the cannon, until the Indians were dislodged and driven, the bridge repaired, and the army put in motion to cross. During this whole time he was as much or more exposed But the man was found sufficiently while. The Commodore afterwards remonposure, observing "that in open sea he could stand fire tolerably well, but there was no fun in being shot at by a concealed enemy. The General justified his conduct by saying " the general who commands Republican volunteers in whose ranks the best blood of the country is to be found, must never think of his own safety, at least until his troops become familiar with his disregard of personal danger."-Hardihood itself has never denied Perry's cour-Chambers and Todd of Kentucky, and O'Fallon of Missouri, the other Aids of Gen. Harrison at the battle of the Thames, are still living and can give you additional facts if

required. Although it is not in direct response to any part of your letter, I must be permitted to say, that my intercourse with Gen Harrison left the conviction on my mind that he was a gentleman, a soldier, and a patriot, and I deprecate most sincerely, the injustice attempted to be done him by a portion of that party with which I have always voted.

I am, sir, respectfully, Your obedient Servant, J. SPEED SMITH M. B. Conwin, Esq.

NORTHAMPTON, Mass .- Hon. Lewis Strong presided at the late convention. uful spirits! I have sat once more by the The large meeting house was filled to overflowing; mr. Huntington of N. opened the discussion. The correspondent of the Atlas says: "The convention was successively addressed by Mr. Lawrence of Belchertown Ashmun of Springfield, mr. Bates of Northampton and the Hon. James Wilson of New Hampshire. The speaking continued until 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and the intense attention, the frequent bursts of hearty applause sufficiently attested the fine spirit by which the audience was animated. You will be pleased to hear that the reception of Gen. Wilson was such as his high character deserved. His honest-hearted eloquence won him the esteem of every Whig in the crowd, and must have made adeep

ton brought a Log Cabin, full of men, mountain-bird, she pursues her way, over the which was paraded on wheels, with world of waters. proper devices, through the main street. One was brought one hundred and fifty miles through the mud, to Columbus showing in this way the "disgust" we have heard of through the whole West at the nomination of Gen. Harrison.

The number present at Northampton has been variously estimated from 2,-

500 to 3,000. Old Springfield gave Morton 14 majority last November, and no Representatives chosen. She has just chosen her teors, officers, &c. For County Treasurer 218 Whig majority.

Miscella ip.

From Mr. Lewis G. Clark's Knickerbocker Magazine. BELLS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS

BY CHARLES LANMAN. I have always loved the sound of bells .-Sometimes, it is true, their music is associated with distress and gloom; but even, then they have a voice of instruction. And how often do they recreate scenes which swell the heart with gladness, and make us feel that there is much that is good and beautiful in human na-ture! Who does not love to listen to their music on the Sacred Sabbath, in the midst of

a great city !

It is the morning of a day in June. With what a solema tone do they call the worship-pers to the house of God! The streets, which a few hours ago seemed well nigh deserted. are now thronged with people The old man trudging along upon his staff; the bright eyed maiden, with her sylph-like form; parents and children; the happy and the sorrowful, all are hastening to their devotions. The bells are again silent; the swelling notes of the organ now fall upon the ear. Let us enter this ancient pile, whose spire points upwards to a house "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." A good multitude fills its aisles. The first psalm has been sung. Listen now to the humble, devout prayer of the gray-haired pastor. Anon, the sermon commences.—
A breathless silence prevails; while from the speaker's tongue flow forth

Instruction, admonition, comfort, peace.' Is there anything un earth, more beautiful than a scene like this! Does it not speak to us of that 'continual city' whose maker and builder is God! whose streets are paved with gold—whose inhabitants are the children of the All-benevolent!

ordiferacifferent hour: we' schatte Sardell seem to articulate the fearful word, 'Fire! fire! We know that the work of destruction is going on. We hear the rattling engines over the stony streets, the confused cry of men and the wailings of distress. 'The rich man's dwelling is wrapt in flames, with the humble abode of his poor neighbor. The flame-banners flout the air; the smoke rices upward, and mingles with the midnight flames.

The confusion is passed. On the spot a heap of smouldering ashes alone arrests the eye. The rich man has been reduced to pov-erty; the poor man is still more poor! God help him, and his helpless little ones !

Ennobling thoughts spring up within us, when we hear the many-voiced bells, on a day that quarter of the country. of public rejoicing. They may speak to us of blood, but yet they tell of glorious victories. They may commemorate the triumps of mind, or the noble achievments of the philanthropic and the good. Peal on peal echoes through the air, mingled with martial music, and the roaring of cannon, while a thousand national standards float gaily in the breeze. Touching and grand is the music of bells on such a day

In the silent watches of the night, how often have I been startled by the sound of a neighboring clock. My mind has then gone forth to wandero'er the wide region of thought. Then the bells have seemed to me to be the minstrels of Time; an old man with bent form and his scythe and hour glass in his withered hands. All over the world, are his stationary minstrels; striking their instruments, and heaving a sigh for the thoughtlessness of men. At such an hour, when the world was wrapt in silence, at the sound of a bell, the past has vanished like a scroll, and I have been borne, as on eagle's wings, back to the days of my boyhood. I have sported and gamboiled with my playmates upon the village green; hunted the wild don't wild duck; explored lonely valleys, sailed upon the lake which a most washed the threshold of my happy nome; and gazed into its clear blue depth, and fancled that the trout revelling joyfully there, were bright and beauof that dear girl, who was my first only love, and sang to her the ballads of the olden time, while

'She sat, and gazed upon me With those deep and tender eyes, Like the stars, so still, and saint-like, Looking downward from the skies.

I have again heard her breathe my name, in accents sweeter than the song of the nightin-Another stroke of the bell, and the waking vision vanished; 'the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.' Then have I shed bitbitter tears upon my lonely pillow!

How striking is the ship-bell at sea, which measures the time of the sailors, when wrapped in slumber, and in the undst of pleasant dreams, he is summoned to enter upon his How often, too, has the alarum bell watch. anded at midnight, and proved but to be the knell of happy hearts; or summoned many brave mariners to their ocean-grave.

impression upon every mind.

At the close of the convention a new song, called the 'Hampshire Hurra,' song, called the 'Hampshire Hurra,' was sung by the whole convention with the saids, and nobly she meets and conquers had conquers the saids, and nobly she meets and conquers had not bridle. Shutting the the angry billows. A little while, and the dan-door upon him without violence, he exchanged as before. This curve of the brook and the

Take a more peaceful scene. Enter vonder village, reposing in beauty on the distant plain. It has but one church, yet in that church there is a bell. The inhabitants are familiar with its tones, for it has for many years called them to the house of prayer. At an early hour every day, its musical voice is heard; and methinks, if it could be interpreted, its language would be: "Arise! arise! ye morning slumberers, and improve your time for

your hours are passing speedily away."

But hark! the bell sounds out once more. Slowly and solemnly. It is a funeral. are bearing to her tomb one who was young, beautiful and good. Beside that murmuring rivulet they have made her grave. phaceful resting place, upon which no one can look, and say that the grave is fearful

'All the discords, all the strife, All the ceaseless fends of life, Sleep in the common grave : Hushed is the battle's roar,

The fire's r ge is o'er. The wild volcano smokes no more: Deep peace is promised in the lasting grave Lovely, lovely is the grave.'

It is now evening. Glorious was the robe n which the sun was decked, when he went down behind the distant hills! For the last time, to-day, does the bell send out its warning voice. The anvil is at rest. The post-office, where were assembled the village poli-ticians, is now closed. All places of busi-ness are deserted. The members of many a household have gathered around the family altar, to offer up their evening sacrifice of prayer. In a few short hours that little lage is as silent as the grave. Even the bay-ing of the watch-dog has ceased, and the whippoor-will has sung herself to sleep. is heard but the singing of the wind among the trees, and nothing is seen above but the clear blur sky, and the moon and stars.

The Picker and Piter.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

The nature of the strange incident I have to elate forbids me to record either place or time. On one of the wildest nights in which I had ever been abroad, I drove my panting horses through a snow-drift breast high, to the door of a small tavern in the western country. The host turned out unwilling at the knock of my whip-handle on the outer door, and, wading before the tired animals to the barn, which was nearly inaccessible from the banks of snow, he assisted me in getting off their frozen hurness-

es, and bestowing them safely for the night.
The "Bar-room" fire burnt brightly, and never was fire more welcome. Room was sat suent aroung'u, and while a ketin hension of "pleasure after pain," I took off my furs and moccasins, and stretched my cold contracted limbs to the blaze. When, a few minutes after, a plate of cold salt beef was brought me, with a corn cake and a mug of "flip" hissing from the poker, it certainly would have been hard to convince me that I would have put on my coats and moccasins again to have ridden a mile to Paradise.

The faces of my new companions, which I where stood the fairest portion of a noble city, had not found time to inspect very closely while my supper lasted, were fully revealed by the light of a pitch-pine knot, thrown on the hearth by the landlord, and their grim reserve and ferocity put me in mind, for the first time

The timber-tracts which lie convenient to the rivers of the west, offer to the refugee and desperado of every description a recourse from want, and (in their own opinion) from crime, which is seized upon by all at least who are willing to labour. The owners of the extensive forest, destined to become so valuable, are mostly of large speculation, living in cities. who, satisfied with the constant advance in the price of lumber, consider their pine-trees as liable to nothing but the laws of nature, and leave them unfenced and unprotected, to increase in size and value till the land beneath them is wanted for culture. It is natural enough that solitary settlers, living in the neighbourhood of miles of apparently unclaimed land, should think seldom of the owner, and in time grow to the oppinion of the Indian, that the Great Spirit gave the land, the air, and the water to his children, and they are free to all alike. Furnishing the requisite teams and im plements, therefore, the inhabitants of these tracts collect a number of the stragglers ed a "bee," go into the nearest woods, and for a month or more, work laboriously at selecting and falling the tallest and straightest pines. In their rude shanty at night they have bread, pork and whiskey, which hard labour makes usfficiently palatable, and the time is passed merrily till the snow is right for sledding. The logs are then drawn to the water sides. rafts are formed, and the valuable lumber, for which they paid nothing but their labour, is run to the cities for their common advantage

The only enemies of this class of men are the agents, who are sometimes sent out in the winter to detect them in the act of falling or drawing off the timber, and in the dark countenances around the fire. I read this as the interpretation of my own visit to the woods. They fell and burn, and make clearing for a farm; and, after a talk of an hour or two, I was told, in answer to my inquiries, that all the "men people" in the country were busy "lumbering or themselves." unless it were-the

As the words were pronounced, a shrill neigh outside the door pronounced the arrival

"Talk of the devil-"said the man in a lower And there is the light-house bell, which sends forth its shrill voice of warning, when rose with a respect which he had not accorded Look out to me, to make room for the Picker and Piler.

One of the processions at Northamp- gerous reef is far behind her. Free as a mods with one or two of the men, & giving the landlord a small keg which he had brought, he pleaded haste for refusing the offered chair, and stood stient by the fire. His features were blackened with smoke, but I could see that they were small and regular, and its voice, though it conveyed in its deliberate accents an indefinable resolution, was almost femininely soft and winning.

"That stranger yonder has got a job for you." said the landlord, as he gave him back the keg and received the money.

Turning quickly upon me, he detected me in a very eager scrutiny of himself, and for a moment I was thrown too much off my guard to address him.

"Is it you, sir!" he asked, after waiting a moment.

" Yes-I have some work to be done hereabouts, but you seem in a hurry. Could you call here to morrow!" "I may not be here again in a week."

"Do you live far from here!" He smiled. "I scarce know where I live, but I am burning a peice of wood a mile or two up the run. and if you would like a warmer bed than the landlord will give you-

That personage decided the question forme by telling me in so many words that I had bet-ter go. His be is were all taken up, and my horses should be taken care of till my return. I saw that my presence had interrupted something, probably the formation of a "bee," and more willingly than I would have believed possible an hour before, I resumed my fore and wrappers, and declared that I was ready. The Picker and Piler had inspired me, and I knew not why, with an involuntary respect and

"It is a rough night, sir," said he, as he shouldered a rifle he had left outside, and slung the keg by a leather strap over the nock of his horse! " but I will soon show you a better cuimate. Come, sir, jump on!"

"And you!" I said inquisitively, as he held his herse by the mone for me to mount. It was a Canadian pony, scarce larger than a Newfoundland dog

"I am more used to the road, sir, and will walk. Come!"

It was no time to stand upon etiquette, even if it had been possible to resist the strange tone of authority with which he spoke. So without more ado, I sprang upon the animal's back, and holding on by the long tuft upon his withers, suffered him passively to plunge through the drift after his master.

Wondering at the readiness with which I had entered upon this equivocal adventure, but never for an instant losing confidence in my guide, I shut my eyes to the building cold, and accommodating my limbs as well as I could to the bare back and scrambling paces of the Canadian. The Picker and Piler strode on before, the pony following like a served that we were rounding the base of a considerable bill, we turned short to the right, and were met by a column of smoke, which lifting, the moment after, disclosed the two slopes of a considerable valley enveloped in one sea of fire. red, lurid cloud overhung it at the tops of the tallest trees, and far and wide, above that, spread a covering of black smoke, heaving upward in vast and billowy masses, and rolling away on every side into the darkness.

We approached a pine of gigantic height, on fire to the very peak, not a branch left on the trunk, and its pitchy knots distributed like the eyes of the lamprey, burning pure and steady amid the irregular flame. I had once steady amid the irregular flame. but master and horse kept on. This burning tree, however, was the first of a thousand, and as the pony turned his eyes a way from the intense heat to pass between it and a bare rock, I glanced into the glowing labyrinth beyond, and my faith gave way. I jumped from his back and hailed the Picker and Piler, with a halloo scarcely audible amid the turnult of the crackling branches. My voice did not evideatly reach his ear, but the pony, relieved from my weight, gailoped to his side, and rubbed his muzzle against the unoccupiedh and of his master.

He turned back immediately. "I beg pardon," he said," I have that to think of just now which makes ma forgetful. I am not surpris ed at your hesitation, but mount again and trust the pony."
The animal turned rather unwillingly at his

moster's bidding, and a little ashamed of having shown fear, while a horse would follow, I jumped again on his back.

"If you find the heat inconvenient, cover your face." And with this Isconic advice, the Picker and Piler turned on his heel, and once more strade away before us. Sheltering the sides of my face by holding

up the corners of my wrapper with both hands, I abandoned myself to the horse. He overtook his master with a shuffling canter, and putting les nose as close to the ground as he could carry it without stumbling, followed closely at his hoels. I observed, by the green logs lying immediately along our path, that we were following no avenue of prostrate tim-ber which had been folled before the wood was fired; but, descending presently to the left, we struck at once into a over the lifted head and slower gait of the pony, by the lifted head and slower gait of the pony, as well as my own easier respiration, I fo that the hollow trough which it ran contained soon brightened and grew talkative when they a body of pure air unreached by the swaying discovered that I was in search of hands to curtains of smoke, or the excessive heat of the fiery currents above. The psay now picked his way leisurely along the brookside, and while my lungs expanded with the relief of breathing a more temperate atmosphere, I raised myself from my stooping posture in a profess perspiration, and one by one disconbarrassed myself from my protectives against

I had lost sight for several minutes of the Picker and Piler, and presumed by the pany's desultory movements that he was near the end of his journey, when, rounding a shelfy point of rock, we stood suddenly upon the brink of a slight waterfull, where the brook leaped four or five feet into a shrunken dell, and after deacri dag a half circle on a meky platform, resomed its onward course in the same dire